

## A Dying Promise

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Summary: Gambit must make a promise to Rogue, but will he be able to keep it?

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He remembered seeing her lying on the med-lab table, dying.

" WE'RE LOSING HER!!", Beast yelled, trying everything he could do.

He remembered hearing the words that meant the end of his life....the words that meant death to his spirit and soul...

"Time of death, 3:12 am. God take care of her....." Hank whispered, his sobs making it barely audible.

He remembered the team...torn with grief and anger, they had loved her so much...but who couldn't love Rogue? She was the spunk of the team...the soul and humor of it...~Why did she have to do it? Why?~ , the tears fell freely from his eyes....He knew why. Rogue was a warrior, and she'd died a warrior's death....

Earlier that day.....

" Alright people, we gotta take him down, fast and hard.", Cyclops pointed towards the raging Magneto in the sky.

" Cyke, ya gotta lemme reason with him! Ya know Ah can get through ta him!!", Rogue argued.

" Rogue, this...monster is beyond reasoning, we can only fight him." Cyclops answered back.

Without warning she flew up towards the raging storm of em-waves, not worried for herself....just worried about what might happen...what

\*might\* happen...but she was going to stop it. She was the one he reasoned with, the one who could understand him....usually.

"Rogue, mon dieu, no!!", Remy hollered after her...but it was too late.

She reached Erik and looked at the fury in his face, she could see his pain...his anger...and the danger.

"Erik..ya gotta stop this! Yer only hurtin' yerself!!", she yelled through the crackling of the em-waves.

"Rogue, I am \*not\* in the mood to debate this with you at present. So kindly leave before I am forced to make you leave."

" Ya think Ah'm gonna leave when y'all're bein' stupid like this?! Ah think not!"

"Then I have no choice. Goodbye, Rogue." and with that he raised his hand in a commanding pose, as he normally did when using his powers.He began to coagulate the blood in her system, drying it up within her body...Rogue began to fall 150 feet to the ground...faster and faster...until she hit the ground with a sickening crack.

"Mon Dieu.." , Gambit whispered horrified.

"Goddess..." , Storm looked away...

Hank rushed to her side, to check on her. " She's alive...we have to get her back to the mansion...NOW!!!"

They retreated as fast as they could, Rogue's vital signs were getting worse and worse...

A few minutes later

Hank walked into the cabin where Remy sat, his face pale and weathered. He bore the look of a man who'd just walked into hell.

"Remy, she'd like to see you..." , Hank informed him.

"Merci..." , he whispered and went into the room.

He walked over to the medi-table that she was lying on. Her face, normally a peaches and cream color, was pale...her features, normally so alive, were dead. Her eyes...her Scarlet O'Hara green eyes were not as bright as normal..but open and full of emotion.

" Chere, c'n ya hear me?", he ventured.

She looked at him the best she could and her eyes told him yes..

" I wan' ya ta know...tha'...I love ya. Wit' alla my heart."

She opened her mouth...trying to respond..."....Ah....lov..." , she closed her eyes, the tears stinging, the frustration drove her mad...

" I know, chere. I know." He tried to hold the tears back, but

failed.

He tried to push the thought that this was the last time he'd talk to her out of his head..but he couldn't. He held her right hand, the tears falling freely and talked to her the entire time home. He spoke of the boyzenberry pie incident, and of their first date...he promised her that they'd have another date when she got better. Hank knocked on the door, " Can I come in, Remy?"

"Yah, Henri...we be havin' a party.", he faked a smile.

" I was thinking that Jean could link the two of your minds, so you could actually 'talk' to each other. If that's okay with you."

" Do it.", Remy stated simply and eagerly.

Jean linked their minds so they could talk, Remy was the first to speak.

\*Rogue, c'n ya hear me?\*

\*Sure can, shugah.\*

Even her mental voice sounded weak...

\* I wan' ya ta know tha' everythin's gonna be alrigh', Rogue...\*

\*Remy...Ah wan' ya ta promise me somethin'..\*

\*Anythin' chere.\*

\*When Ah die, don' lemme weigh ya down...\*

\*Chere, ya aren't goin' ta..\*

\*Remy, please...\*

\*I can't chere...I jus' can't...\*

\*Ah love ya, Remy...please...for your sake...don't worry 'bout me...Ah'm goin' ta be fine.\*

And as soon as she said that the heart monitor began to beep loudly.

That night.....

Hank had once again manage to stabalize Rogue in the med-lab. Remy sat at her side, staring at her intently, looking for any changes in her condition.

He brushed her hair out of her face...and looked at her. He realized that she wasn't going to live...it was to late for her survival. He knew that the only way for her to go peacefully was for him to let her go. But it wouldn't be as simple as pulling a plug on a life support machine...he had to tell her that he wouldn't mourn her forever. That he would get on with his life.

"Chere...I don' know if I can or no'.....but I'll try ta get on wit'

my life..."

He could almost instinctively hear her say, " Ya have ta promise."

" I promise. " He whispered, bending over he barely brushed his lips against her forehead, in the only kiss that he could ever give her without getting his psyche absorbed into hers. With that he walked out of the room and up to hers, where he could begin his mourning. Five minutes later, the heart monitor began to sound.

The next day.....

The gray skies poured rain down onto the mansion's grounds as the team mourned in privacy. Scott and Jean had chosen to retreat to their boathouse, Ororo to her apartment and Warren and Betsy back to Warren's loft. Remy was in Rogue's room sitting on her bed and going through her photo album. He was torn...after seeing how Henri had reacted to her death as well as the rest of the team, he knew he'd never be able to let him go.

He tried to take his mind off that topic, so he glanced down at the photo album. He didn't realize how many pictures she had of the two of them together. ~She looks so alive, so happy..~ He thought looking at her. He couldn't let her go...he couldn't. He knew he had promised her, but her felt so dead...so alone. He sat and remembered the times that him and Rogue would sit on the roof and talk for hours. Who would he talk to? Who would listen to him? The roof was the place where he first fell in love with her. It was their spot. Their spot to observe the world, without being part of it. He'd probably never even go out onto the roof again. He came across a letter in her drawer with his name on it, so he opened it.

Dear Remy,

I know that you are pretty upset with me for the things I've done. And I want you to know that I don't blame you. I never did, and I never will. You are the best thing that ever happened to me and your past is your past...it's none of my business. And I want you to get on with your life, and put it behind you. I also want you to realize that I'll always be here for you, no matter what. Heaven and Hell won't stop me from being with you. I love you, Remy.

Love,

Rogue

He blinked the tears out of his eyes as he remembered that fight they'd gotten into way back when...it was their first true fight. But in a way...he felt the letter was closing things. Reassuring him that everything was going to be okay. That Rogue was with him no matter what...that she loved him and would always be there for him, through heaven and hell, and that's all he needed to know.

The End

End  
file.